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Louis Golding

Than the laughter in his eyes,
There are glooms lying deeper
Than the lost lands of the sleeper,
There are sounds behind the laughter
Which I dare not follow after,
There's a choked heart tolling and a dumb child cries.
There's an old mouth full of laughter,
But a dumb heart cries.

Louis Golding

SYNCRASY

I am a reed
Wind-throated and rain-tuned.
You are the player,
Wise as the world.

What will you blow through me, Softmouth?
What sorrows must I echo
From your honied lips
To learn the sweetness of pain?
What lachrymations must I silver
To learn the bitterness of love?

I am a reed
Waiting and silent.
You are the player,
Searching your heart.

A. A. Rosenthal